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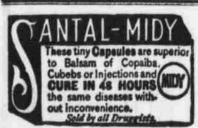
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Miss Maxwell's Heart &

By A. M. Davier Offen

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Terretarion Terret Miss Maxwell was angry. Her blue eyes blazed like stars. Her red lips were quivering. For three days to have led the long procession of car rioles that each morning started across Norway's smiling landscape and now on coming out from luncheon to find her pony untethered, her carriole pull ed to one side! The stout Englishmar regarding her waited and was secretly rather alarmed at the storm he had

"But it was not safe," he declared with much dignity. "You must wait until your boy turns up. Of course he had no business to leave you," see ing an ominous frown on the white forebead. "But as he did"-

The people, beginning to come out from the posting house, cast curious glances in her direction, and the girl felt her throat swell. That heteful boy! How dared be run off this way! Noting the empty shafts, the loosened pony, a young man came forward.

"Can I be of service?" he asked. "I speak a little Norsk. What! Your boy is lost? Oh, pray take mine. It would be a pity for you to lose your place," with a glance at the purpling Englishman, And Miss Maxwell, anxious to have the matter settled before the arrival of her mother and sister. after a moment's consideration con-

"And I am so glad you did," declared Ritz later. "I would just have hated to give up our place to that herrid man, who has been trying every day to get it. I believe he bribed our boy to

But Miss Maxwell did not answer. She had just discovered the loss of a tiny gold heart that belonged on her watch chain, and she remembered distinctly having seen the tall young man as he turned away stoop and pick up something from the ground. Could it have been her heart? And did he not know that it was here?

In the long evening twilight the stout Englishman, Renfrew, joined the girls. "I hope that you did not consider me intrusive this morning," he began pompously. "I spoke purely in your own interests. And regarding that young man-I saw you speaking with him before dinner-I certainly would not advise you to form an acquaintance there. My boy tells me that he takes



"AND YOU REALLY DID HAVE MY BRANT ALL THE TIME, THEN?"

only the very poorest rooms and bargains for all his meals, while no one seems to know his name. Curious way to be traveling"-in conscious superiority. "Wouldn't pick him up if I were you."

Miss Maxwell, her lip curling, drew "I thank you," she responded quiet-

ly. "We, as you say, have no desire to pick up acquaintances of any kind. So I wish you good night."

But up in her room the giri's face grew troubled. It was true that she had been talking with the tall young Englishman before dinner. Meeting him coming down the stairs, she had stopped and uttered a word of thanks for his courtesy; then, plucking up courage, asked if he had found a golden heart. His answer puzzled her.

"And if I had would you expect

from a mere mortal resolution enough to reject the gifts of the gods?" Before this response Miss Maxwell had beaten a hasty retreat, but now it arose again in her mind. What could he mean? Had he queer views on community of property? Was be after what Mr. Renfrew had said-actually in need of the money? For it was impossible that he would willingly steal. The problem worried and irritated her, keeping the young man constantly in her thoughts. And when, Christiania reached at last, Mrs. Maxwell took her girls to the Grand hotel, unconsciously Mabel felt her spirits droop. Was this the end then? Was she never to re-

cover her heart? A week slipped by uneventfully, and as the girl dressed one night for a dinner at the embassy a sigh rose to her lips. How stupid such things were! In the same uninterested mood she followed her mother into the brilliantly

fighted room. There the sight of a tall young fellow caused her heart to beat violently for a second, then stop-It could not be he! But the man, turn-

ing, caught sight of her, and seizing his opportunity drew her behind the beavy curtains of a convenient window. For a moment both stared without speaking. A familiar voice from without broke the silence.

"No, no. The man I mean is tall, and some people might call him good looking were it not for his lack of breeding. The fellow arrived with us last week. He could not be Sir Nigel's nephew. Why, he basn't a penny." His companion laughed.

"Yet I fear, just the same, that it would be Sir Nigel's nephew that you mean. He left here awhile ago for home and then suddenly for no rhyme or reason turns back at Bergen and, as | Laurin, Prop. "Special Agent." you say, arrives without a penny. It is just like Lionel Carteret. Yet I suspect there must be something at the bottom of it. Were there any pretty girls in

But Renfrew was past speech. Miss Maxwell, in whose eyes a dawn ing wonder had banished aught else glanced swiftly at the stricken Carteret, but at his expression of mingled entreaty and conscious guilt the cor ners of her mouth began to curve re

your party?"

lentingly. A quick gleam of amuse ment shot through her astonishment. "And-and you really did have my beart all the time, then?" she queried demurely. Carteret bent forward. "Have I?" be demanded. "Have !

indeed?" The girl reddened. "Of course I mean the gold one," she retorted. Carteret produced the tiny golden symbol.

"I saw you in a shop at Bergen," be confessed shamefacedly. "And then I found this, and it seemed a message of hope. At least it told me that you were Would you have had me give it cade theaters of Portland. back without a try? Did your challenge mean nothing?"

"Challenge?" repeated the girl. "Is it not a challenge to fate?" Opening the locket, he showed a paper inscribed with two words, "To let." The girl, uttering a little cry, felt the color Sooding even to the tendrils of curly MATINEE DAILY AT 2:46 P. M brown hair.

"I had forgotten," she gasped. "Rita put it there one day for a joke, and I had forgotten. You opened it, then?" with keen reproach. Carte et laughed.

"I had to try for some clew," he declared, with a cheerful lack of contrition. "I was not sure at first that it belonged to you, and when I discovered the fact I somehow took my finding of it as an omen. Was I wrong?" his tone changing suddenly. "Should I have given it back? Must I do so now? Is there no chance that I might ever meet your requirements for tenant owner, what you will? Won't you speak to me?" as the girl's lashes fluttered incertainly. "Ab, Miss Maxwell-Mabel -answer me."

Almost the first present that Sir Lio nel Carteret gave to his fiancee was a tiny heart all set in diamonds, and hidden within it, neatly folded, was a slip of paper, on which was heavily penciled the word "Taken."

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